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SELECTED TALES.

THE GIANT'S COFFIN:

OR,

The Feud of Holt and Houston.

A TALE OF REEDY RIVER.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

Continued.

CHAPTER III.

But he was doomed to disappointment. He was rejected—tenderly, but firmly.—Leda Heywood was not for him, and resigning himself to the denial, with the instincts of a man by nature strong, and inured by trial to disappointments, Arthur Holt retired from the field of Love, to cultivate more certain fruits in those of Ceres and Pomona. Had the mind of the young farmer been morbidly affected, his mortification would have been heightened by subsequent events. Three days afterwards, Leda Heywood accepted the hand of his enemy, John Houston! Philosophers will continue to seek in vain for the cause of that strange perversity, by which the tastes even of the finest women, are sometimes found to be governed. There is a mystery here beyond all solution.—The tastes and sympathies of Leda Heywood and John Houston did not run together—there was, in reality, no common ground, whether of the affections or of the sentiments, upon which they could meet. But he sought, and wooed, and won her—they were married; and, to all but Arthur Holt, the wonder was at an end after the customary limits of the ninth day.—The wonder, in this case, will be lessened to the reader if two or three things were remembered. Leda Heywood was very young, and John Houston very handsome. Of the wild passions of the latter she knew little or nothing. She found him popular—the favorite of the damsels around her, and this fact alone, will account for the rest. But we must not digress in speculations of this nature. The parties were married, and the honeymoon, in all countries and climates, is proverbially rose-colored. The only awkward thing is, that in all countries, it is but a monthly moon.

The wedding took place. The honeymoon rose, but set somewhat earlier than usual. With the attainment of his object, the passion of John Houston soon subsided, and we shall make a long story conveniently short by saying, in this place, that it was not many weeks before Leda Heywod, or, (as we must now call her,) Leda Houston, began to weep over the ill-judged precipitation with which she had joined herself to a man whose violent temper made no allowances for the feelings, the sensibilities and tastes of others. No longer restrained by the dread of losing his object, his brutalities shocked her delicacy, whilst his fierce passions awoke her fears. She soon found herself neglected and abused, and learned to loathe the connexion she had formed, and to weep bitter tears in secret. To all this evil may be added the pressure of poverty, which now began to be more seriously felt than ever. The hunter life, always uncertain, was still more so in the case of one like John Houston, continually led into indulgences which unfitted him, sometimes for days together, to go into the woods. Carousing at the tavern with some congenial natures, he suffered himself to be little disturbed by home cares; and the privations to which his wife had been subjected even, before her marriage, were now considerably increased. It will be remembered that the Widow Heywood was indebted (perhaps even more than she then knew) to the generous care of Arthur Holt. Her resources from this quarter were naturally withdrawn on the marriage of her daughter with Houston, not so much through any diminution of the young farmer's sympathy for the objects of his bounty, as from a desire to withdraw from any communion, direct or indirect, with the family of his bitterest foe. Knowing the fierce, unreasoning nature of Houston, he was unwilling to expose to his violence the innocent victims of his ill habits—a consequence which he very well knew would follow the discovery of any services secretly rendered them by Holt. But these scruples were soon compelled to give way to a sense of superior duty. It soon came to his knowledge that the unhappy women—mother and daughter, were frequently without food. John Houston, abandoned to vicious habits and associates, had almost entirely left his family to provide for themselves. He was sometimes absent for weeks—would return home as it appeared, for no other purpose but to vent upon his wife and mother-in-law the caprices of his ill-ordered moods, and then depart, leaving them hopeless of his aid. In this condition, the young farmer came again to their rescue. The larder was provided regularly and bountifully. But Leda knew not at first whence this kindly succor came. She might have suspected—nay did suspect—but Arthur Holt proceeded so cautiously, that his supplies came to the house with the privity of Widow Heywood only.

To add to Leda's sorrows, two events now occurred within a few months of each other, and both in less than sixteen months after her marriage, which were calculated to increase her burthen, and to lessen in some respect, her sources of consolation; the birth of a son and the death of her mother. These events drew to her the assistance of neighbors, but the most substantial help came from Arthur Holt. It was now scarcely possible to conceal from Leda, as he had hitherto done, his own direct agency in the support of her family. She was compelled to know it, and—which was still more mortifying to her spirit—conscious as she was of the past—she was compelled to receive it.—Her husband's course was not materially improved by events which had so greatly increased the claims and the necessities of his wife. The child for a time appealed to his pride. It was a fine boy, who was supposed and said to resemble himself.—This pleased him for a while, but did not long restrain him from indulgences, which grateful to him from the first, had now acquired over him all the force of habit. He soon disappeared from his home, and again, for long and weary periods, left the poor Leda to all the cares and solitude, without the freedom, of widowhood.

But a circumstance was about to occur, which suddenly drew his attention to his home. Whether it was that some meddlesome neighbor informed him of the assistance which his wife derived from Arthat Holt, or that he himself had suddenly awakened to the inquiry as to the source of her supplies, we cannot say; but certain it is that the suspicions of his evil nature were aroused; and he who would not abandon his low and worthless associates for the sake of duty and love, was now prompted to do so by his hate. He returned secrectly to the neighborhood of his home, and put himself in a place of concealment.

The cottage of the Widow Heywood was within three quarters of a mile of Reedy River, on the opposite side of which stood the farm of Arthur Holt. The space the young farmer was accustomed nightly to cross, bearing with him the commodity, whether of flour, honey, milk, meat, or corn, which his benevolence prompted him to place on the threshhold of his sad and suffering neighbor. There was a little grove of chestnut and other forest trees, that stood about two hundred yards from Leda's cottage. A part or this grove belonged to their dwelling; the rest was unenclosed. Through this grove run one of the lines of fence which determined the domains of the cottage. On both sides of the fence, in the very centre of this thicket, there were steps, gradually rising, from within and without, to its top—a mode of constructing a passage frequent in the country, which, having all the facilities of a gateway, was yet more permanent, and without its disadvantages. To this point came Arthur Holt nightly. On these steps he laid his tribute, whether of charity or a still lingering love, or both, and, retiring to the thicket, he waited for more than an hour, until he caught the glimpse of the figure of Leda, descending through the grove, and possessing herself of the supply. This done, and she departed; the young farmer, sighing deeply, would turn away unseen, unsuspected, perhaps, and regain his own cottage.

On these occasions *the two never met.*—The Widow Heywood, on her deathbed, had confided to her daughter the secret of her own interviews with Arthur, and he, to spare himself as well as Leda, the pain of meeting, had appointed his own and her hour of coming, differently. Whether she at any time, suspected his propinquity, cannot be conjectured. That she was touched to the heart by his devotion, cannot be well questioned.

For five weary nights did the malignant and suspicious eyes of John Houston, from a contiguous thicket, watch these feelings with equal hate and mortification. Filled with the most foul and loathsome anticipations—burning to find victims—to detect, expose, destroy—he beheld only a spectacle which increased his mortification. He beheld innocence superior to misfortune—love that did not take advantage of its power—a benevolence that rebuked his own worthlessness and hardness of heart—a purity on the part of both the objects of his jealousy, which marked his comprehension, as it was so entirely above any capacity of his own, whether of mind or heart, to appreciate.

It was now the fifth night of his watch. He began to despair of his object. He had seen nothing to give the least confirmation to his suspicions. His wife had appeared only as she was, as pure as an angel—his ancient enemy not less so. He was furious that he could find no good cause of fury, and weary of a watch which was so much at variance with his habits. He determined that night to end it. With the night, and at the usual hour, came the unfailing Arthur. He placed his bowl of milk upon the steps, his sack of meal, a small vessel of butter, and a neat little basket of apples. For a moment he lingered by the fence, then slipping back, adroitly ensconced himself in a neighboring thicket, from whence he could see every movement of the fair sufferer by whom they were withdrawn.—This last movement of the young farmer had not been unseen by the guilty husband. Indeed it was this part of the proceeding which, more than anything beside, had forced upon him the couviction that the parties did not meet. She came, and she, too, lingered by the steps, before she proceeded to remove the provisions. Deep was the sigh that escaped her—deeper than usual were her emotions. She sank upon one of the steps—she clasped her hands convulsively—her lips moved—she was evidently breathing a spontaneous prayer to heaven, at the close of which she wept bitterly, the deep sobs seeming to burst from a heart that felt itself relieved by this mournful power of expression.

Was it the echo of her own sighs—her sobs—that came to her from the thicket? She started, and with wild eye gazing around her, proceeded with all haste to gather up her little stores. But in this she was prevented. The answering sigh, the sob—coming from the lips of his hated rival and ancient enemy, had gone, hissingly, as it were, into the very brain of John Houston. He darted from his place of concealment, dashed the provision from the hands of his wife, and, with a single blow, smote her to the earth, while he cried out to Holt in the opposite thicket, some incoherent language of insults and opprobium. The movement of the latter was quite as prompt, though not in season to prevent the unmanly blow. He sprang forward, and, grasping the offender about the body, lifted him with powerful effort from the earth, upon which he was about to hurl him again with all the fury of indignant manhood, when Leda leapt to her feet, and interposed. At the sound of her voice, the very tones of which declared her wish, Arthur released his enemy, but with no easy effort. The latter regaining his feet, and recovering in some degree his composure, turned to his wife and commanded her absence.

"I cannot go—I will not—while there is a prospect of bloodshed," was her firm reply.

"What! you would see it, would you? Doubtless the sight of my blood would delight your eyes! But hope not for it! Arthur Holt are you forever to cross my path—and with impunity? Shall there never be a settlement between us? Is the day of reckoning never to come? Speak!—Shall we fight it out here, in the presence of this woman, or go elsewhere, where there will be no tell-tale witnesses? Will you follow me?"

"Go not—follow him not—Arthur Holt. Go to your home! I thank you, I bless you for what you have done for me and mine—for the mother who looks on us from heaven—for the child that still looks to me on earth. May God bless you for your charity and goodness! Go now, Arthus Holt—go to your own home—and look not again upon mine. Once more, God's blessings be upon you! May you never want them."

There was a warmth, an earnestness, almost a violence in the tone and manner of this adjuration, so new to the usually meek and calm deportment of his wife, that seemed, on a sudden, to confound the brutal husband. He turned on her a vacant look of astonishment. He was very far from looking for such boldness—such audacity—in that quarter. But his forbearance was not of long duration, and he was already beginning a fierce and almost frenzied repetition of his blasphemies, when the subdued, but firm answer of Arthur Holt again diverted his attention. The good sense of the young farmer made him at once sensible of the danger to the unhappy woman of using any language calculated to provoke the always too prompt brutality of her husband, and, stifling her own indignation with all his strength, he calmly promised compliance with her requisitions.

"There are many reasons," he added, "why there should be no strife between John Houston and myself; we were boys together, our fathers loved one another; we have slept in the same bed."

"That shall not be your excuse, Arthur Holt," exclaimed the other, interrupting him; "you shall not escape me by any such pretences. My father's name shall not shelter your cowardice."

"Cowardice!"

"Ay, cowardice! cowardice! What are you but an unmanly coward?"

There was a deep but quiet struggle in the breast of Arthur, to keep down the rising devil in his mood; but he succeeded, and turning away, he contented himself by saying simply—

"*You* know that I am no coward, John Houston—nobody better than yourself.—You will take good heed how you approach such cowardice as mine."

"Do you dare me?"

"Yes!"

"No! no!" cried the wife, again flinging herself between them. "Away, Arthur Holt, why will you remain when you see what I am doomed to suffer?"

"I go, Leda, but I dread to leave you in such hands. God have you in his holy keeping!"

CHAPTER IV.

We pass over a period of eighteen months. In this time John Houston had sold out the little cottage near Reedy River, and had removed his wife to the residence of his mother near Paris Mountain. Why he had not adopted this measure on the demise of Widow Heywood is matter of conjecture only. His own mother was now dead, and it was the opinion of those around, that it was only after this latter event that he could venture upon a step which might seem to divide the sceptre of household authority—a point about which despotical old ladies are apt to be jealous. His household was as badly provided for as ever, but some good angel, whose presence might have been suspected, still watched over the wants of the suffering wife, and the hollow of an ancient chestnut now received the stores which we have formerly seen placed upon the rude blocks near the thickest fence in Greenville. Whether John Houston still suspected the interference of his hated playmate we cannot say. The prudent caution of the latter availed so that they did not often meet, and never under circumstances which could justify a quarrel. But events were ripening which were to bring them unavoidably into collision. We are now in the midst of the year 1776. The strife had already begun, of Whig and Tory, in the upper part of South Carolina.—It happened some time in 1774 that the afterwards notorious Moses Kirkland stopped one night at the dwelling of John Houston. This man was already busy in stirring up disaffection to the popular party of the State. He was a man of loose, vicious habits, and irregular propensities. He and John Houston were kindred spirits; and the hunter was soon enlisted under his banners. He was out with Kirkland in the campaign of 1775, when the Tories were dispersed and put down by the decisive measures of General Williamson and William Henry Drayton. It so happened that Arthur Holt made his appearance in the field, also for the first time, in the army of Williamson. The two knew that they were now opponents as they had long been enemies. But they did not meet. The designs of Kirkland were baffled, his troops dispersed, and the country settled down into a condition of seeming quiet. But it was a seeming quiet only. The old wounds festered, and when, in 1780, the metropolis of the State fell into the hands of the British, yielding to captivity nearly the whole of its military power, the Tories resumed their arms and impulses with a fury which long forbearance had heightened into perfect madness. Upon the long and melancholy history of that savage warfare which followed, we need not dwell. The story is already sufficiently well known. It is enough to say that John Houston distinguished himself by his cruelties. Arthur Holt threw by the plough, and was one of Butler's men for a session. With the decline of British power in the lower, the ascendancy in the upper country finally passed over to the whigs. Both parties were now broken up into little squads of from ten to fifty persons—the tories, the better to compass them in all their hiding-places.

It was a cold and cheerless evening in the month of November that Arthur Holt, armed to the teeth, stopped for the night, with eleven men, at a cottage about fourteen miles from his own dwelling on the banks of Reedy River.

An hour had not well elapsed, before Arthur Holt found some one jerking at his shoulder. He opened his eyes and recognized the epileptic of whom mention was made in the early part of our narrative.—Acker was still an epileptic, and still, to all appearance a boy—he was small, decrepit, pale, and still liable to the shocking disease, the effects of which were apparent equally in his withered face and shrivelled person. But he was not without intelligence, and his memory was singularly tenacious of benefits and injuries. Eagerly challenging the attention of Arthur Holt, he proceeded to tell him that John Houston had only two hours before been seen with a party of seven, on his way to the farm at Paris Mountain, where, at that very moment, he might in all probability be found. By this time, the troopers, accustomed to sudden rousings, were awake and in possession of the intelligence. It was greedily listened to by all but Arthur Holt. John Houston was particularly odious in his own neighborhood. Several of the inhabitants had fallen victims to his brutality and hate. To take him, living or dead—to feed the vengeance for which they thirsted—was at once the passion of the party. It was with some surprise that they saw their leader apathetic and disposed to throw doubt upon the information.

"I know not how you could have seen John Houston, Peter Acker, with seven men, when we left him behind us, going below, and crossing at Daniel's Ford on the Ennoree, only two days ago."

"'Twas him I seed, Captain, and no other. Don't you think I knows John Houston? Oughtn't I to know him? Wasn't it him that used to beat me, and duck me in the water? I knows him. 'Twas John Houston, I tell you, and no other person."

"You are mistaken, Peter—you must be mistaken. No horse could have brought him from the Ennoree so soon."

"He's on his *own* horse, the great bay. 'Tis John Houston, and you must catch him and hang him."

One of the party, a spirited young man, named Fletchall, now said:

"Whether it's Houston and his men or not, Captain Holt, we should see who the fellows are. Acker ought to know Houston, and though we heard of him on the Ennoree, we may have heard wrong. It's my notion that Acker is right; and every man of Reedy River, that claims to be a man, ought to see to it."

There was a sting in this speech that made it tell. They did not understand the delicacy of their Captain's situation, nor could he explain it. He could only sigh and submit. Buckling on his armor, he obeyed the necessity, and his eager troop was soon in motion for the cottage of Houston at Paris Mountain. There, two hours before, John Houston had arrived. He had separated from his companion. It was not affection for his wife that had brought Houston to his home. On the contrary, his salutation was that of scorn and suspicion. He seemed to have returned brooding on some dark imagination or project. When his wife brought his child and put him on his knees, saying with a mournful look of reproach, "You do not even ask for your son!" the reply, betraying the foulest of fancies—"How know I that he is!" showed too plainly the character of the demon that was struggling in his soul. The miserable woman shrunk back in horror, while his eyes, lightened by a cold malignant smile, pursued her as if in mockery. When she placed before a little bread and meat, he repulsed it, exclaiming, "Would you have me fed by your Arthur?" And when she meekly replied by an assurance that the food did not come from him, his answer, "Ay, but I am not sure of the sauce!" indicated a doubt so horrible, that the poor woman rushed from the apartment with every feeling and fibre of her frame convulsed.—Without a purpose, except to escape from suspicions by which she was tortured, she had turned the corner of the enclosure, hurrying, it would seem, to a little thicket, where her sorrows would be unseen, when she suddenly encountered Arthur Holt, with a cocked pistol in his grasp. The troopers had dismounted and left their horses in the woods. They were approaching the house cautiously, on foot, and from different quarters. The object was to effect a surprise of the tory—since, armed and desperate, any other more open mode of approach might, even if successful, endanger valuable life. The plan had been devised by Arthur. He had taken to himself that route which brought him first to the cottage. His object was explained in the first few words with Leda Houston.

"Arthur Holt!—you here!" was her exclamation, as she started at his approach.

"Ay, and your husband is here!"

"No, no!" was the prompt reply.

"Nay, deny not! I would save him—let him fly at once. We shall soon be upon him!"

A mute but expressive look of gratitude rewarded him, while, forgetting the recent indignities to which she had been subjected, Leda hurried back to the cottage and put Houston in possession of the facts. He started to his feet, put the child from his knee, though still keeping his hand upon its shoulder, and glaring upon her with eyes of equal jealousy and rage, he exclaimed—

"Woman! you have brought my enemy upon me!"

To this charge the high-souled woman made no answer, but her form became more erect, and her cheek grew paler, while her exquisitely chisselled lips were compressed with the effort to keep down her stifling indignation. She approached him as if to relieve him of the child; but he repulsed her, and grasping the little fellow firmly in his hands, with no tenderness of hold, he lifted him to his shoulder, exclaiming—

"No! he shares my danger! he goes with me. He is at least *your* child—he shall protect me from your—"

The sentence was left unfinished as he darted through the door! With a mother's scream she bounded after him, as he took his way to the little coppice in which his horse was fastened. The agony of a mother's soul lent wings to her feet. She reached him ere he could undo the fastenings of his horse, and, seizing him by his arm arrested his progress.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you would seize—you would deliver me!"

"My child! my child!" was her only answer, as she clung to his arm and endeavored to tear the infant from his fiendish grasp.

"He goes with me! He shall protect me from the shot!"

"You will not, cannot risk his precious life."

"Do I not risk mine!"

"My son—your son!"

"Were I sure of that!"

"God of Heaven! help me! Save him! save him!"

But there was no time for parley. A pistol shot was fired from the opposite quarter of the house, whether by accident, or for the purpose of alarm, is not known, but it prompted the instant movement of the ruffian, who, in order to extricate himself from the grasp of his wife, smote her to the earth, and in the midst of the child's screams hurried forward with his prize. To reach the coppice, to draw forth and mount his horse, was the work of an instant only. The life of the hunter and partisan had made him expert enough in such matters. Mounted on a splendid bay, of the largest size and greatest speed, he lingered but a moment in sight, the child conspicuously elevated in his grasp, its head raised above its left shoulder, while one of its little arms might be seen stretching towards its mother, now rising from the earth. At this instant Arthur Holt made his appearance. From the wood where he had remained as long as he might, he had beheld the brutal action of his enemy. It was the second time that he had witnessed such a deed, and his hand now convulsively grasped and cocked his pistol, as he rushed forward to revenge it. But the unhappy woman rose in time to prevent him. Her extended arms were thrown across his path. He raised the deadly weapon above their heads.

"Would you shoot! oh, my God! would you shoot! Do you not see my child! my child!"

The action of Arthur was suspended at the mother's words; and, lifting the child aloft with a powerful arm, as if in triumph and defiance, the brutal father, putting spurs to his horse, went off at full speed. A single bound enabled the noble animal to clear the enclosure, and, appearing but a single moment upon the hillside, the mother had one more glimpse of her child, whose screams, in another moment, were drowned in the clatter of the horse's feet. She sunk to the ground at the foot of Arthur, as his comrades leapt over the surrounding fence.

(*Concluded next week.*)

MEXICAN POLITENESS.—If a well bred Mexican offers you a cigar in his own country, he first lights it for you and gives a few whiffs. He then hands it over gracefully to your lips. The women, of course, do the same.

The Pope, Gregory 16th, left a fortune of 500,000 francs, in cash.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Aug. 20, 1846.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices where they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

The appropriation of the $2,000,000 asked for by the President for the purpose of negotiating a settlement of our Mexican difficulties, was withheld by the Senate, after the passage of the bill through the House. It was defeated through the instrumentality of Mr Davis, of this State. As a friend of Peace—of extending the Olive Branch to the imbecile Mexicans, we regret the failure of the measure in the Senate. Had it passed, and the President invested with the *peaceful* means which the appropriation would have afforded him, we have no doubt that before the next Session of Congress, our difficulties with the Mexican Government would be adjusted in a manner highly pleasing to the great mass of our countrymen; and we should be at *Peace*—a peace promising permanency with all the peaceful Nations of the Globe. The benefits of such a result would be incalculable. Such however is not the case. With Mexico there is no peace, there never will be till conquered at the point of the bayonet and the cannon's mouth. The master spirits of that Government feel the deep mortification entailed upon them, and the honor of their arms at the defeat of the 8th and 9th of May. Till they attempt the work of retaliation—till they *try* to regain their lost honor—their spirit of subtleness will remain unbroken. Our Government has now no alternative, but war—and we have no doubt it will force our arms to conquer peace through fire and blood. Such a peace, under such circumstances, is worth having—it is the only negotiating with the treacherous Mexicans that will promise permanency or safety. We hope that every measure will be taken to secure such a result, and that without unnecessary delay.

TEMPERANCE.—The cause of temperance is apparently gaining ground in our Commonwealth. The impulse given to the cause a few years since by the reformed inebriates of Baltimore, and the almost simultaneous reformation of tens of thousands of inebriates throughout the land, for a time past has seemed to decline, and the cause has apparently been retarded by the inactivity and apathy of those who should be its warmest advocates. This, in a degree, may be attributed to the want of energy on the part of those who never felt the deep sting of the inebriating cup; they have left the labor to be performed by the reclaimed—who have found it tedious to combat with their former appetites, without the additional task of leading others to reformation through the chilling influences of the professed temperance men of means, but who belie their profession by a total indifference to the glorious cause.

A new effort is now making to re-invigorate the dying embers of the temperance cause, in various places. During the last week a Mr Knapp, of Worcester, has been lecturing in Thorndike, and has met with good encouragement by adding a goodly number of names to the temperance pledge from the ranks of the moderate drinker and the relapsed inebriate. In the language of the Razor Strop man, we say to the Lecturer in town, go on, "*for there is a few more of the same sort left.*"

We understand that Mr Knapp is to lecture on this (Wednesday) evening, at half past seven, at the school house below this village. Let every one attend.

SMASH UP.—As the Saturday evening train from Boston had got within thirty rods of the Depot in this village, it came in contact with the freight train up, which was detained here some two hours in consequence of one of the cars on the freight train getting off the track. One of the brakemen was sent to give warning to the passenger train, but not getting more than three or four rods it was impossible to slacken the speed of the passenger train; the engineer, Mr Kelley, had just time to reverse the steam and jump, when they struck, throwing a small passenger car which was attached to the freight train completely off the track, and injuring two or three freight cars. Sylvanus Walker, of Three Rivers, had two or three ribs broben, and his head bruised, but not dangerously. The fireman and engineer were slightly hurt. This accident delayed the passenger train till 11 o'clock. We think no blame can be attached to either Mr Parker, Conductor of the passenger train, or Mr Hall, Conductor of the freight train; if any one was to blame, it was the Irishman who was sent to warn the passenger train. It speaks well for Mr Parker, who has run on the road from Springfield to Boston ever since the road started, that this is the first collision he ever experienced.

The following communication was received from one who says he is a friend to the Palmer "b'hoys," which we gladly publish:—

On Tuesday, the 11th instant, the Exhibition at Williston Seminary took place.—After listening to a fervent Prayer from the learned and beloved Principal, the Trustees, teachers and students walked in a procession to the Church.

The exercises commenced at 9 o'clock, A. M. in presence of a very large audience.

A Latin Oration "De Virgilio" was pronounced by Mr M. Kellogg, which as was expected from a scholar of so high a standing, was of the first order. Next followed extracts and dissertations, the last of which it is not needful to particularize, as it is not the intention to criticise minutely the defects of them. Suffice it to say, they were very good.

They were all spoken in a manner which gave proof of the faithfulness of their instructor in education.

After those in order came the first original colloquy ever written at this school, the subject of which was the Western school committee.

This first attempt of the writer to produce at the same time amusement and instruction, was very successful. By the contrast between the brazen faced impostor and the possessor of true merit, the writer evinced a great knowledge of human nature. By the brief but pretty arguments upon school government, they exhibited an extensive knowledge of this much agitated question. The parts were performed in the most praiseworthy manner and this colloquy added much to the interest of the occasion.

A dissertation upon Milton and a poem were listened to with the utmost attention. These were written with much care and it can with truth be said, that they were received with great though unexpressed applause.

Other dissertations and another colloquy were among the exercises, and all were well written and spoken. But a dissertation on Capital Punishment was acknowledged to be far superior to any other. In the depth of thought, in the arrangement, and the strong arguments of this production, it was evident that the writer logically thought, logically wrote and that he was *conversant* with the subject upon which his thought had been bestowed.

After these exercises, all of which were of a superior character, the audience listened to an able address from Rev. Edward Beecher, upon retrospection and anticipation.

The exercises were closed by a prayer from the Principal, and all returned home perfectly satisfied that they were well paid for the trouble they had taken to be present.

The Boston Transcript in commenting upon the receipts of the Western Railroad, says they continue to come in very large. The last returns amounted to $42,000 or over $4,000 increase in one week. The whole gain at the present time, since 1st of January, is over *one hundred thousand dollars!* including the amount earned on the transportation of Railroad iron, by contract for the Connecticut river road, and the Pittsfield and North Adams road; but which has not yet been included in the weekly reports. The same ratio of increase for the remaining twenty weeks of the year, will swell the gross receipts to *one million of dollars*, against eight hundred and thirteen thousand, the aggregate income of the year 1845.

The Springfield Daily Gazette says:—The Razor Strop man, Mr Smith, who has acquired so much celebrity arrived in town this morning for the purpose of vending his wares, but found that the new pedler's law forbids, on the ground that he is not a resident in the State. He desires us to say that although he regrets that Massachusetts turns him the cold shoulder, and is the only State that does so, *there are a few more left* where he can sell his strops without molestation.

PREMIUMS.—The Prize Declamation in Amherst College, came off at the Village Church on Tuesday evening of last week. The speakers were selected from the Sopohmore and Freshman classes—four from each—and four prizes given. They were awarded to William S. Clark of Easthampton and Francis Homes of Boston, of the Sophomore class; and to Lorin J. Hatch of Warwick and Edward Hitchcock, Jr. of Amherst, of the Freshman class.

It is said that in a business point of view the Great Western, in her last trip is the best ever made by her or any other steamer. Her freight list amounts to between £2,200 and £2,400 exclusive of passengers and mails. She brought out 138 passengers, and one was born a few hours previous to her arrival. She was obliged to refuse about 60, for want of accommodations.

PROMOTIONS IN THE NAVY.—Mr Bancroft sent into the Senate a few names for promotion, according to their merits, and not for seniority. The nominations were immediately confirmed. This is one step in the reform which we hope Mr Bancroft has begun and that he will carry out.

For The Sentinel.

DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDER STORM, ON THE EVE OF MAY 9TH, 1846.—Darkness encircled the earth with her train of shadows, mantled mountain, hill and valley, and deep sea and placid lake and gurgling rivulet. There were no stars visible; the sweet sparkling things were hidden behind dense clouds that had been gathering in the heavens since the decline of day, and the fair, pale moon returned not to glance from beneath her vapory mantle, lest we should behold some devastation on earth, for a rude and terrible storm was portending.

All nature appeared conscious of the approaching battle of the elements and hushed their murmuring moan. Women and children, birds, beasts, remained quiet and expectant. Now the artillery of heaven disturbs the calm, and flash after flash of lurid flame illuminates the vast concourse, and revealed the earth beneath—the cities, towns and villages—the hillsides and pleasant vale of our own blessed New England. Proudest of the Proud, among the nations of the earth, her stately towers, her splendid domes, spires and temples dedicated to God—brightening under each successive glance shot from the electric heavens. The reverberating thunder and the long stream of brilliant lightning, were accompanied by thick and fast falling rain drops, as though an ocean above had given vent to its superfluous wave.

The storm passed on, the dark drapery fell from the blue vault, and beautiful stars were disclosed to view one by one, like glittering gems, and the moon, gentle and smiling, scattered her rays until the expansive sky was flooded with mellow light softening and beautifying every object. The breath of countless flowers—such as bloom in our fair land, floated the atmosphere and filled it with delicious fragrance, while everything seemed to whisper—

There's light to follow darkness ere—
There's joy for those who doubt and fear—
There's calm when thre't'ning storms are done,
There's fear for all beneath the sun.

Ware Village. NEMO.

☞ We understand, that the Railroad Co., have finally determined to let the Depot in this village remain, where it is.—The Co. have concluded to have a bridge built over the railroad, provided the County Commissioners do not object to laying out the road in that manner; and there is no doubt they will do so. There will probably be no objections on the part of any individual, as the community would be benefitted by such an alteration.

We are glad this "vexed question" is finally set at rest. There will now be no hindrance to the progress of improvements *now in contemplation, and a new* impetus will thereby be given to the business of the place.

TERRIBLE HAIL STORM.—A most terrific hail-storm occurred at Nashua, N. H., last Friday afternoon. The "oldest inhabitant" never saw any thing like it. Roofs were torn off, chimnies blown down, trees uprooted, and glass broken to an immense amount. It is estimated, says the *N. H. Telegraph*, that 50,000 lights of glass were broken. The whole loss cannot fall much short of $5000. The rain fell in a perfect deluge, and some of the hail-stones were nearly as large as a hen's egg.

We learn, that a boatman was drowned, during the same storm, on the Merrimac river, about ten miles above Lowell, and his boat sunk.

The N. Y. Jeffersonian under the head of "New Counterfeits" publishes the following:—

Railroad Bank, Lowell, Mass., 20's, letter A, dated April 6. Vignette, a railroad train. It purports to be engraved by Underwood, Ball, Spencer, and Hufty.

Mechanics' Bank, Newburyport, Mass., 3's check plate, poorly executed. The filling up and signatures are apparently in the same hand writing.

We learn from the Springfield Daily Gazette of Saturday evening, that the passenger train of cars from New Haven, that morning, ran afoul of an ox on the track in Wallingford, which threw the engine, tender, baggage and two long passenger cars off the track, but injured no person. A hand car was dispatched to Hartford, and a train was immediately sent down, which brought up the passengers in season for the morning trains from Springfield.

WHAT NEXT?—A project has been started in England to connect Europe and America by telegraphic communication. It is proposed to throw the telegraphic wires across Behring's Straits. It is said, that it can be done without interfering with shipping. It will surely be a novel idea to hear every five minutes from Europe.

HOT! HOTTER!! HOTTEST!!!—Of all the warm days that we have had this season, last Thursday and Friday gained the laurels. It was decidedly *hot.* On Friday the mercury went up to 101 in the shade.

WINDFALL.—A printer in New York named William Applegate, has had a windfall of $60,000 from a gentleman deceased in Europe.

MYSTERIOUS.—A very considerable degree of excitement was occasioned yesterday in Brooklyn, which continued through the whole of the day. The following are the circumstances which gave rise to it, as well as our Reporter could collect the facts. It appeared that on Saturday evening, about 6 o'clock, a one horse hearse, driven by a young boy, with two females in it, and a coffin in which was a dead body, crossed the Catharine street ferry to Brooklyn. Upon leaving the boat, they shaped their course to the burying ground in Division street, near the lower end of Myrtle avenue; when they got there they drove directly into the grave yard, and called upon a colored man who has charge of it to assist them in taking out the coffin, which he accordingly did. Immediately after it was lowered, the boy turned the horse's head, and drove off. The two females then told the grave digger they would go for a clergyman to read the burial service, and would return in a few minutes. They never returned, and the coffin remained out all night. The next morning, notice was sent to the Mayor, upon which he and some of the Police repaired to the grave yard, opened the coffin and found it contained the body of a female. A coroner was sent for and a jury was empanelled, and after the examination they crossed over to New York. After some time they succeeded in finding out the owner of the hearse, and through him they found out that the females lived in a cellar in Cherry street. They found the women and learned that deceased's name was Margaret Gillis, a native of Ireland; they also produced a doctor's certificate, which stated that her death was caused by diarrhœa brought on by excessive drinking. Upon this information they returned and buried the body.—*Herald*

A MAGNIFICENT WEDDING.—The marriage of the Dutchess of Olga, daughter of the Emperor of Russia, it is supposed will surpass in magnificence anything of the kind that has taken place in medern times. A correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: A series of grand *fetes* will be given, and continued for three days. The Empress of Russia will be present, and join the throng of crowned heads. These *fetes* will take place at the Emperor's summer palace and garden at Peterhoff, on the borders of the gulf, and two hours' drive from St. Petersburgh. They will be the most brilliant and expensive ever got up in Europe. The artists of every nation have for a long time been employed to contribute their handicraft or talents to render everything unequalled in modern times. It is supposed that among the entertainments there will be a grand review of fifty thousand men. Every regiment of cavalry will have a different colored horse, and every horse of each regiment, even to a spot, will be alike. Such a military display, it is said, cannot be equalled in the world.

IBRAHIM PASHA AND HIS DOCTOR'S BILL.—It is generally known that Ibrahim Pasha spent a few months in the south of France for the benefit of his health, and that an eminent medical man, Dr. Lallemant, left his practice for a considerable time to attend on the son of Mehemet Ali. Nothing was arranged as to the fees or salary of the M. D., until two or three days before Ibrahim Pasha was to leave Paris, and then he sent 50,000f. (£2000) to Dr. Lallemant. This sum was not considered satisfactory by Dr. Lallemant, who had been building castles with the munificent sum he expected from the Pasha; and he therefore respectfully submitted that he considered his fees should be estimated at 200,006f. (£8000.) It was a source of great vexation to Ibrahim to have undervalued the services of Dr. Lallemant, but yet he did not make up the donation named, but sent £4000 more to the learned physician, who then declared himself satisfied with the total received, *videlecit*, £6000.—*Ex. Paper.*

FROM THE ARMY.—We have New Orleans dates to the 7th inst. which contain a few additional particulars from the army.

Gen. Taylor was dispatching regulars to Camargo with all possible haste; likewise sending large supplies of munitions. The highest point on the river at which any of the Volunteer troops were stationed was at Lomita, between Baritta and Matamoras.

Gen. Worth had been ordered to lay out a camp for 10,000 men at Camargo, and establish a depot 60 miles from there on the road to Monjerey.

The steamship Massachusetts left Brazos July 21st, bound to New Orleans, with volunteers. The ship Howard, of Savannah, from Liverpool via New York, went ashore at Naggs Head on the 30th ult. and is supposed to be a total loss—insured for $8,000 in New York.

The New Haven and Hartford Railroad Co., have commenced relaying their road with the T rail, in place of the old fashioned flat one. The heavy grades are to be relaid first, to facilitate the speed of the trains, and the change will be gradually continued until the whole road is renewed in this manner.—*Daily Gaz.*

We are under obligation to Mr PARKER, Conductor on the W. R. R., for a bountiful supply of Boston and N. York papers.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—The Morning News thus speaks in regard to the country newspapers:—

"Let no farmer, and no other man, relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of taking some other larger, cheaper, or more popular paper published abroad. The newspaper published in one's own county, is as a general rule, more valuable than any other, if it be for nothing but the advertisements; for even they are the thermometer of a business place, and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little consequence to the farmer to know what is going on in his market town; the competition in selling goods, and the competition in buying produce; the changes in business operations; the settlement of estates; sales of farms, stock, &c. We venture to say, there is no man who may not every year much more than save the price of subscription to his neighboring newspaper, from its advertising columns alone; and on this ground all ought to patronize their own newspapers. This should be done also for weightier reasons, one of which we will name; the mammoth weekly sheets of the cities being furnished at a price with which no country printer can compete, (for the reason, because made up generally from the matter one used and paid for in the daily papers) are encroaching largely upon the country newspapers, thus discouraging improvement and gradually bringing the whole country under the influence, and in some sense, the control, of the leading cliques in the cities. Thus a tone is given to the morals, the politics and habits of the country, and we hesitate not to say, that the preponderance of this influence is bad. The people of this country get full enough of this influence through their own papers; and if they would not complete the supremacy of the cities over the moral and political destiny of the country, let them support the country newspapers. Take the city papers if you can afford it, and as many of them as you please; but first see to it that your own home paper is a regular visitor to your fireside. Support them first and liberally, and they will hardly fail to support your interest."

BATHING FASHION.—A corrrespondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Newport, says—

I had my predjudices against the custom of both sexes bathing together, but on seeing the fun at Newport, my antipathy against the fashion is much removed. The sight is picturesque, certainly. Fancy an encampment of Indians or rather Gipseys divested of the boiling pot, and you have the scene previous to immersion. You cannot tell the gentlemen from the ladies, and in fact it is difficult to distinguish the members of your own family. The gents wear flannel tunics, white duck pants and straw hats. The ladies, tunics and pantalettes of the same color, with white colars and wristbands, and straw hats also.—There are as many as 150 bathing houses; you enter on one side, and go to the beach from the other, all equipt to act the part of sea nymphs, or aught else that seems an appropriate character. It is really very exciting to behold the fun.

The N. Y. Telegraph says—

GREAT SPORT.—The thousands who lined the shore and paddled about in the water at Coney Island last night, were vastly amused at the swimming feats of two or three married couple from this city. In most cases the wives swam better than their husbands. One beautiful lady, in particular, seemed as much at home among the waves as Melville's Fayaway.

SHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH ON THE RAILROAD.—We took our places in the carriage in the dark, both of us covered with a pile of packages, and Mary Hann so sulky that she would not speak for some minutes.—At last she spoke out—

"Have you all the small parcels?"
"Twenty-three in all," says I.
"Then give me baby."
"*Give you what?*" says I.
"Give me baby."
"What haven't y-y-yooooo got him?" says I.
"O mussy! You should have heard her shriek! *We'd left him on the ledge at Gloster.*"

A ROMISH NUT.—A Roman Catholic priest some time in Germany, entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told the people that the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was Calvin's church.—The skin was nauseous, disagreeable, worthless and valueless—that was the Lutheran church. He then said he would show them the holy Roman apostolic church. He cracked the nut and *found it rotten!*

☞ Wm. G. Bates, Esq., of Westfield, delivered the address before the State Normal School at Bridgewater, on the 19th inst., when the building, recently erected there for that purpose, was dedicated.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Constantinople. Correctly answered by G. M. S, Palmer Depot; G. L. N. Monson; J. C. P. Thorndike.

Don't forget the temperance lecture this (Wednesday) evening.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

ELEVEN DAYS LATER.

By the politeness of Mr. Parker we received news of the arrival of the Caledonia, 24 hours in advance of mail. She arrived at Boston on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in 14 days from Liverpool. She brings advices from Liverpool to the 4th, and from London to the 3d inst., being 11 days later than the intelligence by the Gt. Western.

The following is a synopsis of the most important news—

The weather since the last has been variable.

The new wheat crop is less heavy than was anticipated.

Large quantities of wheat and flour continue to arrive from the U. S. and Canada.

The money market has fluctuated but little since the sailing of the last packet—still less since the division in the House of Commons on the sugar duties.

The Cotton Market, Aug. 3, was brisk, but prices can hardly be said to be higher. Nevertheless, a better feeling prevailed, and the sales reached 10,000 bales.

Owing to the passage of the Tariff in the populnr branch of Congress, the value of iron had risen in anticipation of large exports to the U. S.

The proceedings in Parliament since our last have been barren of interest. The dull monotony of a long session has been relieved by two night's discussion on the sugar duties. The government scheme has triumphed by a majority of 265 to 135, nearly 2 to 1. This result virtually abrogates the monopoly, and places sugar in the same category as corn by an easy declension on the high road of free trade.

CORN TRADE.—The state of American flour on the 7th was dull. The best brands U. S. were held at 26s per lb.

The potato disease having increased rapidly in Ireland there was some inquiry on the date alluded to, for Indian Corn for shipment to that place, but the high rates asked by holders for it, checked business.

LARGE AND SMALL NEWSPAPERS.—It is one of the sorry errors of the world, that the merit and value of a paper is supposed to go up with its size. Nothing can be more distant from the truth, and the world is a confounded booby-head for entertaining it. Your mammoth-sized papers are terrible bores, great diluters of sense—ghosts of ideas. Their editors must be very clever sort of men, expert at driving the quill, straddle the scissors with marvellous skill, and all that sort of thing, but they must necessarily spread an idea over a murderous extension, and fritter away its substance into foggy nothing. But he of your small sheet, with columns compressed into sensible coziness, must write nothing but ideas—and only the heart of *them.* Brief, concise, terse, he must roll a sentiment in every syllable—a sermon in every word. Never take, then, the half-year's stock of a steam paper-mill for ideas, information, and those desirables. It is enough that they exhaust the language and give a thrice-printed dictionary; more, you have not a right to look for. But if you want the mirror of the time—the spice of the age—life and recognizable ideas—look in papers of moderate and small size. *Woburn Gazette.*

A WOUNDED HORSE.—For many days after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, there was tied to one of Duncan's gun carriages, a horse, wounded in the battle.—He was an object of universal interest, and was nursed by the men of the company, to which he belonged, with the greatest care. The animal was a noble looking specimen of his kind, and seemed to understand exactly his honorable position, it even appeared, that the other horses envied the attention bestowed upon him. A musket ball had struck him just below the eye on the side of the face, and lodged behind the jaw. The wound was regularly dressed, and tied up with a white handkerchief, giving to the animal's head a most grotesque appearance.

MEXICAN SHREWDNESS.—The immense number of the Mexicans killed, made it impossible for our soldiers, detailed for the purpose, to bury them fast enough, and General Taylor sent over to Matamoras for two hundred Mexicans to assist in the burial. Some twenty, miserable looking wretches came over, in obedience to the demand, who were sent to hunt for the bodies in the out of the way places. After being gone a long time without returning, they were sent after, and found busy shaving off the manes and tails of the dead horses strewn about; the hair being an article of merchandise.

WINNING A SADDLE.—Among the Texan Rangers, winning a saddle means taking one from a Mexican. On the 8th, when Gen. Taylor charged with his cavalry, a Mexican officer and horse fell upon the field. A Texan dismounted amidst the hot haste of the charge, and in an instant almost, transferred the splendid saddle of the officer, to his own horse, and left his own in the place of it, coolly remarking that if there was any difference in value, the Mexican might call upon him for it.

REV. BENEDICT FENWICK, Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, died at his residence in Boston on the 11th inst., of dropsy and disease of the heart.

A raw recruit from the Sucker State, came upon parade the other day, at the Jefferson Barracks, says the *Reveille*, looking rather troubled for want of sleep—if, indeed, he had stood sentry all night, he could not have presented a more care-worn expression of countenance.

"Why, Jeff," inquires an old acquaintance, belonging to another mess, "What's the matter? You look sewed up!"

"Oh, well," says Jeff, resignedly, "I'll git used to it, I reckon, afore we git inter reglar action."

"Get used to what?" inquired his friend.

"Why, used to sleeping on my arms!" responded Jeff. You see, the sergeant of our mess issued orders for us to practice sleeping on our arms, as we'll have to do it in camp, and might as well commence now; so last night I struck a spread on top of my musket, with my canteen for a pillow, and it was awful hard sleeping.—It's a good way to be expectin' an enemy, though, for the feller who does his duty is sure to keep wide awake."

"Ha-ha-ha!" burst his acquaintance, "why don't you lay your arms beside you?"

"Some of the other fellers did that," said Jeff, "but I go in for obeying orders!"

Dogs in the Battles.—Very many of the officers attached to the army of occupation, own remarkably fine dogs, principally of the pointer and setter species.—After the battle of the 8th began and the firing became very intense, two dogs, remarkable for their intelligence, appeared to listen to the confusion for a while with great astonishment, and then evidently holding a consultation, they started off at great speed for Point Isabel, being the first arrivals at that place from the battle field. There was a brave dog, however, to redeem the character of the species.—He posted himself in front of one of the batteries and watching with the intensest gravity, the appearance of the discharged ball, would start after it at full speed, expressing great surprise that it was out of his sight so suddenly. He would then wheel round, and watch the appearance of another ball, and then again commence the chase. He thus employed himself through the action, and escaped unhurt.

A Death Avenged. — Lieut. Chadbourne was killed, when in the act of taking possession of a battery, by two lancers. A brother officer, avenged his death, by instantly killing both of the Mexican soldiers with his own hand.

At St. Louis, on the 29th ult., a fellow, in a fit of intoxication, entered the house of a respectable citizen, and in the absenee of the husband, grossly insulted the wife. The cries of the lady soon brought her husband to the spot, who, seizing a shot gun, fired, and shot the scoundrel dead on the spot. Mr Wilson, the person who fired the gun, gave himself up to Justice McDonough, who, on hearing the evidence, immediately discharged him.

Elections.—In Missouri, five democrats are elected to Congress.

In Illinois, five districts out of seven have been heard from, of these 4 are dem. and 1 whig.

Indiana.—Dem. Governor and a Whig Legislature.

Kentucky.—Whig as usual.

N. Carolina.—The whigs will have a majority in the Senate of Congress, and 14 in the House. The whig candidate for Governor is elected by 7000 maj.

The following Sub-Treasurers, or Assistant Treasurers, as they are called, were all appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate on the 8th inst.—

For New York, Ex-Gov. Bouck,
Charleston, Maj. Laval,
Boston, Henry Hubbard,
St. Louis, name not remembered,
Charleston, Keeper of the Mint,
New Orleans, Ditto.

On the 18th ult., Mr Smith Brewer, a worthy citizen of Monroe county, Geo., in rescuing one of his children that had been caught upon the cog-wheel and was about being carried under the trunnel-head of a threshing machine, was himself caught and instantly crushed to death.

A village poet, thus sings the virtues of his "flames:"

"To milk her cows in cow pens
The milkmaid brushed the lingering dew,
And little caring for feet wet through,
Fed the hens"—[Star.

A man in England has discovered a method of mesmerizing horses, and applies the art to the breaking of headstrong colts. While under the *influence*, the colts understand all his conversation.

A Plurality law, for choice of members of Congress, has passed the Senate of Maine.

There has been a great flare up among the b'hoys at Cambridge. Several have been expelled and rusticated.

"A lass and a lack!" as the fellow exclaimed when he saw a lady minus a bustle.

A wag seeing a flag torn, remarked that it was a *flag-rent* insult to the country.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

"What are you about? you black rascal. Twice have you roused me from my sound sleep to tell me that breakfast is ready, and now you've awoke me by attempting to pull off the bedclothes!—What the deuce do you mean?" "Why, massa, if you isn't goin to git up, I mus hab de sheet any how, 'case dey'r waitin for the tableclof!"

Themistocles said, that he preferred marrying his daughter to a man who lacked wealth, rather than one who lacked sense. Had all fathers been of the same opinion, what a lot of fools the world would have been spared.

A company of patriotic gentlemen, it is said, are about to purchase Mount Vernon. The sum demanded for it is $200,000.

The English bushel of Wheat weighs 70 lbs.

The rain guage shows that the amount of rain which fell during the month of July, was 4,60 inches; the wettest month so far, in 1846.

The Razor Strop man has been in New Haven. While there, a man got angry with him and called him a fool. "Well," said he, "if I am, there is one more left of the same sort."

The commissioners in the excise office were offended at a Quaker, who replied yes and no to their questions, and asked him, "Do you know for what we sit here?" "Yea," said Nathan, "some of you for £500 and others for £1000 a year."

Queen Victoria is a pattern of her sex. She rises at 7; enters the nursery at 8, to indulge in a romp with her children; and at 9, the household assemble for prayers.

The French and Foreign Bible Society during the last year circulated 4,599 Bibles and 24,012 New Testaments.

The German population of New York City is between 40 and 50,000, of whom 10,000 are Romanists, who are generally supplied with churches, priests and books, but not with the bible.

The plough they use in Mexico is a wooded wedge, the hoe a wooden staff with a iron spike in the end.

The Navy Yard of Charlestown with its ordinance, stores &c., cost $4,714,000. Quite a pretty sum.

The owner of a ten-pin alley, in Charleston, offers quite tempting premiums—for 300 pins, Harpers' Pictorial Bible; for 275 Webster's dictionary, &c.; and for ten spares in succession, a pair of boots.

Honey applied on a linen rag, or a raw potato scraped, is a sure remedy for burns and scalds.

The Lynn News says some of the Lynn girls are anxious to have the young men drafted, because they would learn to present *arms and salute*.

The arrivals at Saratoga are said to be extremely light. The present season there, is even more dull than the season of 1837.

The telegraph companies, in accordance with the wishes of Mr Morse, refuse to encourage desecration of the Sabbath.

Take a pail of water, put into it as much powdered alum as will lay upon a six cent piece, let it stand all night, and in the morning you will have pure water, as clear as crystal, and tasteless as before the alum was put in it.

To take lamp oil from carpets or other wearing apparel, make a paste of rye flour, of the consistency of rather stiff batter, and apply it to the place; when dry it will rub off, and take the grease with it.

They have started a "Health Insurance Company," which for the annual payment of $5, in case of the sickness of the holder, agree to pay him $4 a week.

A writer in the St. Louis Republican, has given the actual cost of a barrel of pork to the United States Government, in Santa Fe, at *fifty dollars*.

The Cincinnati Advertiser says that 1,000,000 bushels of Ice were put up in that place last winter, and there are on hand now 350,000 bushels.

Frog—an amphibious animal, that walks with a jump, and sits down when he stands up. He can live anywhere just as well as anywhere else—provided he be out of the reach of a Frenchman.

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended—a sword when you've proved it—a maiden when she is married—a cigar when you've smoked it—and a newspaper when you've read and paid for it.

Many are complaining of the annoyance of the small red ants. We should recommend the hanging up, or placing in the closets infested, a few *scare-ants* in the form of bits of camphor, or sprigs of mint.

It is ascertained that at least seventeen editors are among the volunteers for the war. It is no wonder; for the vexations in the editorial line are enough to make any man want to fight.

It is estimated that the annual consumption of coffee and tea, exceeds 300,000,000*lbs.*

A Card.

THE undersigned would take this opportunity to tender his most sincere thanks to the citizens of Palmer for the very efficient aid they rendered him, last Saturday evening, in consequence of the accident, which occurred on the Western Rail Road, near the Palmer Depot Village, and for the generous and kind attentions, which they so promptly showed himself and the passengers under his care.

JAMES PARKER, *Conductor.*

Springfield, August 20th, 1846.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

Mr. Stanton.—Sir,—Seeing your advertisement of *Hunt's Liniment*, I was induced to try its effects on my son, who had been crippled with a lame back from an infant; and it is with gratitude I bear testimony to its wonderful healing properties. My child who is now five years of age, is now in a fair way of recovery. Yours, &c.,

DEMMON C. NICKERSON.

Post Office, Towners, Putnam Co.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with the above named child, and think the father would be safe in saying that his son is almost well.

JAS. W. DYCKMAN, Dep'y P. M.

November 5, 1845.

P. S. I would also state that I have been for a number of years subject to frequent attacks of the Rheumatism, which in many instances prevented my attending to my business. Two or three applications of the Liniment invariable remove all affections of the kind. In cases of bruises, sprains, and sores too numerous to mention, it has in this vicinity proved a certain remedy. Its value can only be estimated by those who have given it a fair trial.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Brighton Market.—*Monday Aug.* 17.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.]

At Market, 600 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 2000 Sheep, and 500 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—We advance our quotations to conform to sales, viz: extra 5 75; first quality 5 50; second $5 a 5 25; third 3 50 a 4 50.

Stores—We omit sales.

Sheep—Old Sheep from 1 75 to 2 75; lambs from 1 53 to 2 25.

Swine—Old Hogs 4, 4 1-4c; Shoats to peddle from 4 1-4 to 4 1-2c. At retail from 4 1-2 to 6c.

MARRIAGES.

At Three Rivers, Aug. 9, by Rev. S. Leach, in the Baptist Church, Mr George G. Rowe, of Wilbraham, to Miss Amanda A. Hill, of Gilmanton, N. H.

DEATHS.

In Hadley, on the 9th, Mr William Bartlett, (Inn keeper) aged 36, son of Mr Joab Bartlett of Belchertown.

In Springfield, of a fever, on Sunday, Dr. James Swan, aged 62—one of tho oldest and most respected physicians in town.

In Wales, July 11, Mr Ruel Stebbins, aged 66.

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

Of every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Furniture Warehouse

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, which he is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

Thorndike, Aug. 1846.

LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

31-3m

Shoes! Shoes!!

JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.

A FULL assortment at low prices, at McGILVRAY'S.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.

SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.

EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

In Insolvency: Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of Hosea Reckard, Junior, of Palmer in said County, Insolvent Debtor. To Roswell Ruggles, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the 4th meeting of the creditors of the said Hosea to be held at the office of the subscriber, in Springfield in said county, on Saturday the 12th day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer in said county; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and the said Insolvent will petition for his discharge, which will be heard and considered at said meeting. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 12th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

E. D. BEACH, Mast. in Chancery.

A true copy of the original order.

Attest—Roswell Ruggles, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

In Insolvency: Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of David K. Graham of Palmer in said county, spinner, Insolvent Debtor. To Abraham R. Murdock, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the 2d meeting of the creditors of the said Graham to be held at the office of the subscriber, Springfield, in said county, on Saturday the 19th day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer in said county; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and you are further directed to give notice in writing of the holding of said meeting to all the creditors of said Graham in your knowledge. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this 12th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

E. D. BEACH.

A true copy of the original order.

Attest—Abraham R. Murdock, Assignee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

In Insolvency: Before E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery. In the matter of Harvey Norris and Thomas Norris, of Monson in said county, partners in business under the firm of H. & T. Norris, Merchants, Insolvent Debtors. To Roswell Blair, Assignee in said case.

YOU are hereby directed to call the second meeting of the creditors of the said Harvey and Thomas to be held at the office of the subscriber, in Springfield in said county, on Friday the eighteenth day of Sept. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer in said county; at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and you are further directed to give notice of the holding of said meeting in writing, to all the creditors within your knowledge. And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order, with your doings herein.

Witness my hand, this twelfth day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

E. D. BEACH.

A true copy of the original order.

Attest—Roswell Blair, Assignee.

STANTON'S INTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the *New York Mirror.*

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.	

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

Sir,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 86 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

Gentlemen

CAN be accommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at McGILVRAY'S.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber, grateful to his friends and customers for the liberality with which they have continued to patronize his establishment, would respectfully call the attention of purchasers to large invoices of Rich and seasonable

Dry Goods,

Which he is this week receiving from the N. York and Boston Markets, which having been bought at the low prices which prevail late in the business season, can and will be sold at less prices than Goods bought early can possibly be afforded. Among them may be found

Cashmere, Broche, Stradilla,

BERAGE AND BALZORINE SHAWLS, together with Scarfs, Cravats, Long Shawls, &c., &c., "too numerous to particularize."

New Styles Organdie Ginghams, Muslins, and Lawns, Gingham Muslins, Gingham Lawns, Plaid Ginghams, Berages, Balzorines, Repped Cashmeres, Silks, Mous de Laines, Graduated Robes, White Embroidered and Colored, Alpines, Alpaccas, Silk and Cotton Warp, Fancy and Mourning Prints, with every other variety of new and desirable

DRESS GOODS!

German, French, English and American Broadcloths, Black and Fancy Colors, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings in great variety of color, quality and price; Gambroons, Bro. Linens, Linen Drills, Indigo Checks, Denims, Lastings, Croton Coatings, Codringtons, Merino Cassimeres, Blue Drills, Moleskins, Corduroy, &c., &c.,

FOR MEN AND BOYS SUMMER WEAR.

Lace Striped, Checked and Plain Muslins, Barred, Striped and Corded Cambrics, Swiss Mulls and Muslins, Scotch and India Cambrics, Striped, Plaid and Embroidered Curtain Muslins, Crimped Dimity, &c., in the way of

WHITE GOODS.

Carpetings in good variety of style and quality—Bro. and Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Burlaps, Table Linen, Birds Eye, Russia and Scotch Diapers, Crash, Napkins, Looking Glasses, and a lot of the best pure White Live Geese Feathers, ever offered in this market, in the way of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Ladies will find a new assortment of Bonnets, of the Latest and Best styles, just received from New York, of Florence, English Pedal, Birds Eye, Lace and Neapolitan, with trimmings to match.

Gentlemen will find

An extensive assortment of Fashionable Hats from the manufactories of Paris, Florence, New York and Boston, which with a good stock of Caps, Cravats, Bosoms and Collars, ready made Shirts, Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Goat Downings, &c., will be offered them at prices which cannot fail to make them ready purchasers.

I KEEP FOR CARPENTERS

An assortment of Bench Planes, Moulding Tools, Bench Screws, Plane Handles, Saw Handles, Saws, Framing and Firmer Chisels, Gouges, Dividers, Compasses, Callipers, Pincers, Files, Shingling and Lathing Hatchets, Hand Axes, Broad Axes, Adzes, and a larger and better stock of

HARD-WARE GENERALLY,

than can be found at any other store in this vicinity. A large variety of

STOVE WARE,

from one of the best Potteries in the Union, with a very general assortment of

Crockery, Glass & Earthern Ware,

at the lowest market prices.

BUILDING MATERIALS,

As Nails of first rate quality, Glass in good variety of size and quality, Sheet Lead and Zinc, Door Handles and Locks, Butts and Screws, &c., always on hand.

WOODEN WARE.

Alexander's Cheese Presses, Ruggles', Nourse & Mason's Patent Churns, Cowls' do., Willow Wagons and Cradles, Tubs and Pails, Butter Firkins and Molasses Kegs, Clothes Pins, Washboards and Mortars with Pestles.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fresh from one of the best importing Houses in the city of Boston, in all the variety needed in a country town, on as reasonable terms as can be bought in Springfield or Worcester, with a very general assortment of

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

Toys, Fancy articles and notions of all kinds.

White Lead,

Of various qualities not to be undersold by any one. A small lot of pure Old Dutch Linseed Oil, Whiting, Paris White, French Yellow, Paris Green, Ground Verdigris, Paint and White Wash Brushes, and every other article in the Painter's "line."

A Heavy Stock of Paper Hangings

In great variety of color design and quality, consisting of more than 1000 Rolls, which have been bought of the maker on so favorable terms that I do not hesitate to say that I can sell the same quality at a less price than any other trader in this vicinity.

Pittsfield Lime as usual of prime quality.

I am receiving from a first rate FLOURING MILL, twice a week, a superior article of FRESH GROUND FLOUR, which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest market price. In my

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

May be found Porto Rico, Trinidad, Cardenas, Cienfuegus, and New Iberia Molasses; Porto Rico, New Orleans, Havana, Sugar House; E. B. and Philada. Double Refined, Loaf, Crushed, Powdered and Single Refined Loaf Sugars; Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Powchong and Souchong Teas; Old Java, Manilla, Brazil and Ground Coffees; Cod Fish, New Conn. River Shad in half and quarter Barrels, Mackerel in Barrels, half and quarter bbls. and Kitts, Sword Fish in bbls. halves and qrs., Salmon in bbls. and Kitts, Herring in Boxes, Smoked Beef, Lard, Hams, Dried and Smoked Halibut, Tobacco of the most approved kinds; Lorillard's Scotch and Macaboy Snuff;

200 Bushels North River Corn;
200 Bags Dairy Salt;
30 Barrels fine Am. do.;
50 Sacks "Worthington's" Liverpool do.;
25 " Western Ground do.;
100 Bush. Turks Island do.;
100 " coarse fine American do.;
2000 lbs. Nova Scotia Grindstones,

Besides an innumerable variety of other articles in this line, always ready for the inspection of customers. Without claiming a larger portion of **"Business Facilities,"** than can possibly fall to the share of one man, I will say in a word—that my Goods will be offered at *prices* which cannot be undersold.

ABNER ALLEN.

Palmer Depot May 28, 1846.

POETRY.

From the Boston Daily Times.

The Loafer's Lament,

OR, THE PATIOTIC RESOLVE.

BY ONE OF THE B'HOYS.

On a broken hogshead,
Weeping all forlorn,
Sat a busted loafer—
All his glory gone!
Two large tears were streaming
Down his solemn face;
E'en like Fogg and Ellsworth,
Running their great race.

Bitterly, in anguish,
Uttered he a groan,
Which he sometimes varied
With a desp'rate moan:
Then commenced he shaking
His devoted head:
Down his face the faster
Gushing tear-drops sped!

To this broken loafer,
In the sun so bright,
Monumental patience
Could'nt hold a light;
As on a broken hogshead
Mournfully he sa t,
Holding the last remnants
Of his shattered hat!

Mournfully he muttered
As he lingered there:
Words went like these unto
Out upon the air!
"Curse upon false fortune!
I seek not for fame:
Oh! could'I vent my malice
On this fickle dame!

"Well can I remember
The old, sunny time,
When I want caught smoking
Nought like a "long-nine;"
But the real Hawanas!
Now by fortune's jars,
To smoke I'm wery thankful,
Stubs of old segars!

"I have not forgotten
Brigham's gay saloon,
Where I used to saunter
Morning, night and noon;
Oh! how sweet, delicious,
Oh! how werry nice,
Were those "sherry cobblers"
Mixed with wine and ice!

"Vainly now I'm sucking
At this treach'rous straw,
For I ne'er can draw in
Cobblers any more;
And my heart within me
Fails me werry fast;
Ev'ry day now finds me
Weaker than the last!"

Mournfully and doleful
Looked this man around,
But no sympathizer
Near him could be found;
"All around looks darker
'Weloped in a mist;
Ah! a thought now strikes me!
Bust me, I'll enlist!"

From the hogshead starting
With a mighty jump,
Came he very nobly;
Still he was a "*trump*;"
Gallantly he answered
To his Country's call;
With Coy's troops he 'listed'
In old Faneuil Hall!

Classical Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 21, 5, 3, 24, 2, 10, was king of Sweeden and Norway;

My 20, 21, 16, 19, 9, 7, 19, 11, 6, was king of Denmark;

My 8, 16, 6, 8, 10, 7, was Duke of Sax Coburg Gotha;

My 1, 21, 22, 16, 24, 14, 9, was prince of Hohenvollern Sigmarin;

My 20, 16, 23, 4, 19, 14, 16, was a French historian;

My 15, 14, 12, 6, 2, 10, 19, 24, 22, 9, was a Minister of the U. S. to the Court of France;

My 13, 17, 21, 24, 18, 22, 16, 7, 19, 6, was a Norwegian naturalist and botanist;

My 21, 22, 6, 9, 10, 22, 1, 21, 9, was a German poet;

My 3, 19, 1, 21, 5, 3, 15, 24, 22, was one of the signers of the declaration of Independence;

My whole is one of the most distinguished literary characters of Spain. A. R. M.

An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

Some person whom Quin had offended, met him one day in the street, and stopped him. "Mr Quin," said he "I—I—I understand, sir, you have been taking away my name!" "What have I said, sir?"—"You—you—you called me a scoundrel, sir!" "Keep your name," replied Quin, and walked on.

A lady asked Mr Jekyll the difference between a solicitor and an attorney.—"Precisely the same," he answered, "as between a crocodile and an alligator."

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man needs it more."

"That's a bad scrape I've got into," as the chap said when he was shaved with a dull razor.

A surgeon often makes a friend by *cutting* an acquaintance.

"If you beat me, I'll call out the soldiers," says the drum.

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he is *above*—doing a wrong act.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New York Evening Post, July 15.

Farmers' Club.

The Farmers' Club held their regular meeting yesterday noon, when they took up the subject heretofore announced in regard to the injury done by insects to vegetation. Several gentlemen made statements in regard to the effects of insects upon trees. Dr. Underhill last year observed an insect that destroys the quince by stinging the trees, and this year he had all his trees whitewashed, and he would not now lose one bushel, where last year he lost ten. He had no doubt that like insects were the cause of the blight in pear trees and damson plum trees. He mentioned other kinds of fruit that were destroyed by insects. Grapes are less affected by insects than almost any other kind of fruit. The catterpillar should be immediately destroyed by a sponge saturated with spirits of turpentine. He had almost entirely destroyed the rose bug by plowing up his vineyard in the fall, so that the egg or grub would be frozen or killed.—He suggested large outdoor fires in the evening to destroy insects, as night was the time of their jubilee. A friend of his had his orchard nearly destroyed by the canker worm, and the next year he tried fires in the evening, and was thus enabled to raise a good crop of apples in spite of the few worms that appeared. He thought it was a good practice to turn the hogs into the orchard to root around the trees and eat the worms, and to give the trees a thorough scraping in the autumn to take away the eggs deposited in the rough crevices. He also recommends the preservation of birds as a means of getting clear of insects. All birds that run up the trees and peck into the bark for larve or insects should be carefully protected. Yet they have nearly disappeared. A cat bird would eat a hundred catterpillars a day.—Where birds, even crows, are destroyed, it is from a want of knowledge in regard to the operations. He had often in his forest found a rookery of perhaps 25,000 to 50,000 crows, none of which he destroyed. When his fields were plowed in the fall, these crows picked thousands of grubs as they were turned out by the plow. His corn he had preserved by extending around and across the fields single lines of white twine.

Secretary Meigs suggested the planting of tomatos and alanthus among fruit trees to protect them from insects.

Judge Van Wyck had known wheat to be protected from the fly by having on the field half-slacked lime. Wood ashes will have the same effect. Solution of potash he found was an excellent wash for trees.

Dr. Field offered a resolution, which was carried, to have an Entomological Cabinet for the use of the Club and strangers, which should contain specimens of all known insects injurious to the farmer.

Mr A. Wakeman said many farmers in Connecticut had destroyed worms in their corn fields by spreading ashes on the ground before rains.

The same subject will be continued at the next meeting of the Club.

Making Vinegar.

Vinegar, according to a writer in the Genesee Farmer, is cheaply made. We republish his receipe:—

"To eight gallons of clear rain water, add, three quarts of molasses, put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of yeast cakes. If in the summer, place the cask in the sun; if in the winter, near the chimney where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days, add to the liquor a sheet of brown paper torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the "mother," or "life of vinegar."

This looks reasonable, and, what is of more importance, it is supported by the inductions of chemical science throughout.

For the Heaves or Broken Winded Horses.

Whoever is so unfortunate as to have a heavy or broken-winded horse and desire to cure or make him better, should not suffer him to drink for some time any other drink than weak lime water. The horse will soon relish this, and it seldom fails to produce a radical cure.

I will state another way for those who may prefer it. Take from one to two table spoonfuls of ground plaster of Paris, and stir the same into his messes three times a day. At first, if at hand, bran for two or three days—then bran and oats for two or three days more, and then clean clear oats for a few days, with ground plaster, as above directed, in each of the messes.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Hard Times for the Farmers.

The Boston Journal says the times are hard for farmers when the grass is so high and thick, as to prevent the cows being found, which are so fortunate as to force their way into the field; and when the wheat and rye is so heavy as to endanger the back bones of the reapers and cradlers, which seems to be the case in many parts of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Bennett and his Game of Thimbles.

We suppose that a few persons in these parts ever heard of Dr. Bennett, yet on the lower Mississippi and its principal tributaries, almost every man or boy knows him as the most adroit gambler in the country.

The game of Thimbles is the Doctor's forte played with three thimbles and a small pellet of paper moving them about and so placing the pellet, that the bystanders cannot tell where it is to be found.—The Doctor is a very demure, simple looking individual, and when about to engage in his game, handles the utensils so awkardly that the dullest observer will freely bet that he can tell which thimble covers the pellet. Often he permits the "crowd" to win but never fails to close his game largely winner.

The Doctor was at Tuscumbea, Alabama, one summer, idling his time, when a young man, son of Judge S——, of Lawrence co., came to town with a large sum of money sent to pay a note of his father's. He was soon persuaded into the belief that he could make a handsome profit on his father's funds, by betting against the thimbles—but was soon undeceived by finding his whole capital transferred to the Doctor's pocket, and nothing left but to go home and tell his father what had become of his money.

Judge S——, ordered out his mule, (and a splendid mule it was) and started down in a hurry to take satisfaction out of the Doctor, or get back his money. Arrived in town he soon found the Doctor, and in a terrible passion charged him with having swindled his son.

The Doctor with his usual blandness assured the Judge that he won the money by fair play, and to remove any doubt produced the thimbles and ball to show him the game.

After the ball had been passed about, and the thimbles rested, the Doctor said, "now Judge that's the game." The Judge had looked on attentively. "Is that the game at which the d—d fool lost his money? why I could tell where the ball is every time, and his anger seemed turned on his son.

But, the Doctor interposed for the youth's defence. "Stop Judge, don't abuse the young man, the game isn't half so easy as you think," but the Judge swore that he would tell where the ball was now, and proposed to bet his fine mule against $100 that it was under the middle thimble. "No, no," says the Doctor, "it ain't there Judge, and besides I don't want to bet with you." "But by G—d you shall," says the Judge. Reluctantly the Doctor yielded, and slowly put up his $100, then deliberately moved the middle—but no ball was there, "didn't I tell you so Judge." The Judge was satisfied, borrowed the Doctor's mule, rode home and returned him next day, but I've never heard of his either betting against "thimbles," or abusing his son for being a fool again.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Guano Fowl.

The following account of the guano fowl, in the Island of Malagas, near South Africa, is given in the new number of the Periodical Accounts of missions of the United Brethren (Moravian,) just published: we had a visit from Mr Hertzog a surveyor, who had been sent to Saldanha Bay by government, in order to see whether the small Island of Malagas contained sufficient guano to make it worth while to dispatch a ship thither. He stated to us, that the fowls, called Malagas, after the name of the Island, were so numerous that he had scarcely room to set his foot down, and their nests covered the island. He estimated the guano at 60,000 tons, which lay piled up to the height of twenty-two feet, resembling snuff in color and appearance. One of the fowls he had brought with him; its plumage was of a dirty white, it was about the size of a young goose, with a long neck and pointed bill. They appear to be of exactly the same species with those on the Island of Ichaboe.

How True.

A very eminent writer has said that although we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make an estate; then to arrive at honor; then to retire. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day, the politician would be contented to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture that he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time, and the lover would be glad to strike out all the moments of existence, that are to pass away before the next meeting.

A lady looking at some stockings in a dry goods store, inquired of the clerk, who was a raw lad, how *high* they came?—The clerk very seriously answered—"I never tried them on, but believe they will reach above the knee."

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

Keep Perfectly Cool!

Pure Linen Coats,	$1 25 to $1 75
Seer Sucker "	1 50 to 2 00
Real Scotch Gingham do.	
Satin Figure,	1 50 to 1 75
Imitation Scotch "	1 00 to 1 25
Good Thin Coats, a cool garment,	75 to 1 00
Light Summer Vests, English Quiltings,	1 25 to 2 00
Light Summer Vests, Valencia,	1 25 to 2 50
Good Light "	50 to 1 00
Thin Pants, of Pure Linen,	1 50 to 2 50
" " of all materials, adapted to the present Hot Weather,	75 to 1 50

All the above Garments thoroughly made in FASHIONABLE STYLE at OAK HALL, and must be sold, being determined to close up all of their Thin Clothing immediately.

Gentlemen in want of a Good Cool Thin Garment, *for a little money*, the above offers a great inducement.

OAK HALL BUILDINGS,
32, 34, 35, & 38 Ann Street,
BOSTON. 27-8t

COOL COMFORT,

Is finally ascertained to be, a tumbler of well iced

Soda Water,

in a hot day. The above comforting beverage of the very best quality, with a variety of choice Syrups, always on hand.

Also, Rochelles, Soda and Seidlitz Powders, Mead, &c., at A. BLODGETT'S.

Ladies and Gentlemen invited to call! 26

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.

OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T., is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—*ALSO*—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

Gentlemen

CAN be accommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at

McGILVRAY'S.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor.

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be with out this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, biles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-3m.

The Naples Hair Dye.

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS

WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods,

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Trull's, Norman's (Peruvian,) Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters. Huil's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarrhœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opedeldoc, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Root's German Ointment, Griswold's, Sweet's, Essex's, Sherman's Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

8 A. BLODGETT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir.

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.